

A pleasant Song made by a Souldier, whose bringing up had been dainty: and partly by those affections of his unbridled youth, is now beaten with his own rod; and therefore termeth this his Repentance, or, the fall of Folly,

To an excellent tune, called, *Calino*,



In summer time when Phœbus raves  
Did chear each mortall mans delight,  
Increasing of the chearfull dayes,  
and cutting of the darksome nightes:  
When Nature brought forth every thing,  
By just return of April showers,  
To make the pleasant Branches spring  
With sunny sorts of herbe and flowers.  
It was my chance to walk abroado,  
To view Dame Natures new come brood,  
The pretty Birds did lay on load  
With sugred tunes in every wood:  
The gallant Nightingale did set  
Her speckled breast against a Wyre,  
Whose mournfull tunes bewail (as yet)  
her brother Tereus false desire.  
The Serpents having cast their coats,  
Lay listening how the Birds did sing,  
The pretty Birds with sugred notes,  
did wel come in the pleasant Spring:  
I drew me to the Green-wood side,  
To hear this Countrey harmony,  
Whereas er'e long I had esp'y'd  
a woful man in misery.  
He lay along upon the ground  
And to the Heavens he cast his eye,  
The bordering Hills and Dales resound  
the echo's of his piteous cry:  
He wailing sore, and sighing said,  
Oh Heavens what endlesse grief have I:  
Why are my sorrows thus delayed?  
come therfore death and let me die.  
When Nature first had made my frame,  
And set me loose when she had done,  
Shee Fortune in that fickle Deuis,  
to end what Nature had begun.

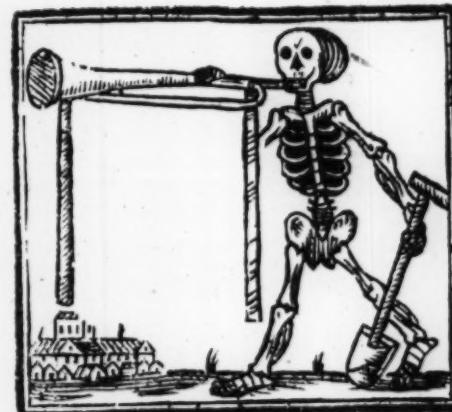
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She set my seat upon her knee,  
And blesst my tender age with store,  
But in the end she did agree  
to mar what she had made before.  
I could no sooner cræp alone:  
But she forsook her fostered child,  
I had no lands to live upon,  
But trac'd abroado the world so wilde.  
At length I fell in company  
With gallant Poults of Mars his train,  
I spent my life in jeopardy,  
and got my labour for my pain:  
I watched on the sieges walls  
In thunder, lightning, rain and snow,  
And oft being shot with powdred balls,  
whose costly marks are yet to shew.  
When all my kindeza took their rest  
At home in many a stately Bed,  
The ground and pavement was my nest,  
my flask a pillow for my head:  
My meat was such as I could get,  
Of Roots and Herbs of sundry sorts,  
Which did content my hungry mind,  
although my commons were but short.  
My powder serv'd to salt my meat,  
My Purcion for a gilded Cup,  
Whereas such drinck as I could get,  
In Spring or Ditch I drank it up:  
My Rapiet alwayes by my side,  
My Piece lay charg'd with match & light,  
Thus many a month I did abide  
to ward all day and watch by night.  
I liv'd in this gloriouſ vain,  
Untill my limbs grew stiffe and lame,  
And thus I got me home again,  
regarding no such costly fame:  
When I came home I made a prof  
What friends would do if need shoulde be,  
My nearest kinsfolks looke aloof,  
as though they had forgotten me.  
And as the Devil by chattering charms  
Is wonzed at of other Birds,  
So they came wonzing at my harms,  
and yeld me no relief but words:  
Thus do I want while they have store,  
That am their equall every way,  
Though fortune lent them somewhat more,  
else had I been as good as they.  
Come gentle Death and end my grie,  
Pee pretty Birds ring forth my knell,  
Let Robin red-breast be the chief  
to bury me and so farswell.  
Let no god Souldier be dismayd  
To fight in Field with courage bold,  
Yet mark the words that I have said,  
trust not to friends when thou art old.

another copy 402

## The dolefull Dance and Song of Death ; Intituled, Dance after my Pipe.

To a pleasant new tune.



Assure your selvess no creature can  
make death affraid of any man,  
Or know my coming where or when.

Where be they þ make their leases strong,  
and joyn about them land to land?  
Do you make account to live so long,  
to have the world come to your hand?  
No foolish noule, for all thy pence,  
Full soon thy soul must needs go hence,  
Then who shall toyf for thy defencē?

And you that lean on your Ladies laps,  
and lay your heads upon their kne,  
Think you soz to play with Beautis paps,  
and not to come and dance with me?  
Ho, fait Lords and Ladies all,  
I will make you come when I do call,  
And sive you a Pipe to dance withall.

And you that are busie-headed sois,  
to brabble for a pelting straw,  
Know you not that I have ready tois  
to cut you from your crafty Law?  
And you that falsely buy and sell,  
And think you make your Markets well,  
Must dance with death whersoe'r you dwel.

Pride must have a pretty whet, I sive,  
for properly she loves to daunce,  
Come away my wanton wench to me,  
as gallantly as your eye doth glance:  
And all god fellos that flash and swash  
In reds and yellows of rehell dash,  
I warrant you ned not be so rash.

For I can quickly cool you all,  
how hot or stout soever you be,  
Both high and low, both great and small,  
I nought to feare your high degré:  
The Ladies faire, the Weldaimes old,  
The Champion stout, the Souldier bold,  
Most all with me to earthly mold.

Therefore take time while it is lent,  
Prepare with me your selvess to daunce,  
Forget me not, your livers lament,  
I come oft-times by sudden chance:  
Be ready therefore, watch am pray,  
What when my Minstrell Pipe doth play,  
You may to Heaven dance the way.  
Finis.

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